

THE NORTHLAND FOR ME!

Song of the

Italian Troubadour

Written & Composed

BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

25 Cts. net.

Philadelphia A. PIOT 196 Chestnut St.
New York W. DUBOIS 315 Broadway.

ALLEGRETTO
GRAZIOSO.



A Troubadour gay from the South-land came forth, And knelt to a golden hair'd

Maid of the North; "Fare-well to the South-land for ever" said he, "I re-

-gret not my Country while list'ning to thee; I re-gret not my Country while

Ad lib.
list'ning to thee; For thy voice like an e-cho from Fai-ry land seems, A

voice made to wa-ken a bard from his dreams, That might blend with his visions in
The Northland for me.

CON ANIMA.

bright worlds of bliss, And make him for get that he waken'd in this Then fare-

-well to the South-land! the North-land for me, 'Tis my

Country wherev - er I'm list'ning to thee, 'Tis my Country wherev - ev I'm

RALL:
list'ning to thee! List'ning to thee! list'ning to thee!

The Northland forms.

And as I look up in thy beau-ti-ful eyes How can I but think of our

blue sunny skies? While thy bright golden ringlets, in love-mazing twine, Out-

-ri-val the tendrils that curl round the vine, Out - ri - val the tendrils that

curl round the vine; Then thy form, in its ex-quisite light-ness, re-calls The

sta-tues I've left in fair I-ta-ly's halls, And can I re-gret them while

ESPRESSO :

5

CON ANIMA.

look - ing on thee? Oh no thou art more than my Country to me Then fare -

- well to the South - land, the North - land for me, 'Tis my

Country wher - ev - er I'm looking on thee 'Tis my Country wher - ev - er I'm

look - ing on thee! looking on thee, love, look - ing on thee!

The Northland for me.

